

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1834.

No. 16.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

BREAKFAST CONCLUDED. TEA AND COFFEE, MILK, BREAD, &c.

WE have said nothing of coffee and chocolate at breakfast, though a good deal was quoted in our last paper from Mr. D'Israeli respecting those beverages. We confined ourselves to tea, because it is the staple drink. A cheap coffee however, or imitation of it, has taken place of tea with many; and the poor have now their "coffee houses," as the rich used to have. We say "used," because coffee-drinking in such places, among the rich, is fast going out in consequence of the later hours of dinner and the attractions of the club-houses. Coffee, like tea, used to form a refreshment by itself, some hours after dinner. It is now taken as a digester, right upon that meal; and sometimes does not even close it; for the digester itself is digested by a liqueur of some sort, called a *chasse-café* (coffee-chacer.) We do not, however, pretend to be learned in these matters. If we find ourselves at a rich table, it is but as a stranger in the land, to all but the lasting humanities of it. A custom may change next year, and find us as ignorant of it, as the footman is otherwise.*

As we claim the familiar intimacy of the reader, in this our most private-public Journal, and have had it cordially responded to by fair and brown (who will not cry out as a critic did against Montaigne, for saying he liked sherry, "Who the devil cares whether he liked sherry or not?") we shall venture to observe, in comment upon the thousand *inaudible* remarks on this question which we hear on all sides of us, that for our parts we like coffee better than tea, once in a way, but tea "for a constancy." And one after the other makes a "pretty" variety; (as Dr. Johnson, or Mr. Pepys, would phrase it). To be perfect in point of taste (we do not say, of wholesomeness) coffee should be strong, and hot, with little sugar and milk. In the East they drink it without either; which, we should think, must be intolerable to any palates that do not begin with it in childhood, or are not in want of as severe stimulants as those of sailors (though by the way, we understand that tobacco-chewing is coming into fashion!) It has been drunk after this mode in some parts of Europe; but the public have no where (we believe) adopted it. The favorite way of drinking it as a meal, abroad, is with a great superfluity of milk,—very properly called in France *Café-au-lait*, Coffee to the milk. One of the pleasures we receive in drinking coffee is, that being the universal drink in the East, it reminds of that region of the Arabian Nights; as smoking does, for the same reason: though neither of these refreshments, which are now identified with Oriental manners, is to be found in that enchanting work. They had not been discovered, when it was written. The drink was sherbet, and its accompaniments cakes and fruit. One can hardly fancy, what a Turk or a Persian could have done without coffee and a pipe, any more than the English ladies and gentlemen before the civil wars, without tea for breakfast. As for chocolate, its richness, if made good, renders it rather a food than a drink. Lianæus seems to have been fond of it; for it was he, we believe, who

gave it its generic name of Theobroma, or food of the gods. It is said to be extremely nourishing,* but heavy for weak stomachs. Cocoa (cacao) is a lighter kind of it, made of the shell instead of the nut. They make German flutes of the wood of the chocolate-tree. An Italian wit, who flourished when tea, coffee, and chocolate had not long been introduced into his country, treats them all three with great contempt, and no less humour:—

Non fia già, che il Cioccolatte
V'adopra, ovvero il Tè:
Medicine così fatte
Non saran giammai per me.
Beveri prima il veleno,
Che un bicchier che fosse pieno
Del amaro e reo Caffè.
Colà tra gli Arabi,
E tra i Giannizzeri
Liquor sì ostico,
Sì nero e torbido,
Gli schiavi ingollino.
Già nel Tartaro,
Già nell' Erebo,
L'empie Belidi l'inventarono;
E Tesifone, e l'altre Furie,
A Proserpina il ministrarono.
E se in Asia il Musulmano
Se lo cionca a precipizio,
Mostra aver poco giudizio.

Redi. Bacco in Toscana.

Talk of Chocolate! Talk of Tea!
Medicines made, ye Gods, as they are,
Are no medicines made for me!
I would sooner take to poison
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it 'mongst their cruel works.
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Tartarus,
Down in Erebus,
Twas the detestable Fifty† invented it;
The Furies then took it,
To grind and to cook it,
And to Proserpina all three presented it.
If the Mussulman in Asia
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
I differ with the man extremely.

These vituperations however are put into the mouth of the god of wine; who may justly have resented the introduction of

"the cups

Which cheer but not inebriate."

Chocolate is a common refreshment in Italy, in a solid shape. The pastry-cooks sell sweetmeats of it, wrapped up in little papers with printed mottos, containing some couplet of humour or gallantry. They have made their appearance of late years in England, owing, we believe, to the patronage of George the Fourth, who is said to have given an order to a Paris manufacturer, to the value of 500l.

Off, ye inferior goods, ye comparative sophistications, perhaps fleeting fashions, and let us bethink ourselves of the everlasting virtues of beautiful milk and bread!

"Milk," says a venerable text, "is fit for children." It is too often unfit for men, not because their stomachs are stronger than those of children, but be-

* "An acquaintance, on whose veracity we can rely," says Mr. Phillips in his *History of Fruits*, "informed us, that during the retreat of Napoleon's army from the north, he fortunately had a small quantity of little chocolate cakes in his pocket, which preserved the life of himself and a friend for several days, when they could procure no other food whatever, and many of their brother officers perished for want."—*Pomarium Britannicum, or Historical and Botanical Account of Fruits known in Great Britain*. Third Edition, p. 67. Colburn.

† The daughters of Danaus, who killed their husbands.

cause they are weaker. Causes of various sorts, sorrow, too much thinking, dissipation, shall render a man unable to digest the good wholesome milk-bowl, that delighted him when a child. He must content himself with his experience, and with turning it to the best account, especially for others. A child over a milk-bowl is a pleasant object. He seems to belong to every thing that is young and innocent,—the morning, the fields, the dairies. And no fear of indigestion has he, nor of a spoiled complexion. He does not sit up till twelve at night; nor is a beauty tight lacing herself; nor does he suspend his stomach in breathlessness, with writing "articles," and thinking of good and evil.

Pleasant object also, nevertheless, is the milk-jug to the grown man, whether sick or well, provided he have "an eye." White milk in a white jug, or cream in a cream-coloured, presents one of those sympathies of colour, which are sometimes of higher taste than any contrast, however delicate. Drummond of Hawthornden has hit it, with a relishing pencil:—

In petticoat of green
With hair about her eine,*
Phyllis, beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare
delight)
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so
white.†

Anacreon beautifully compares a finely tinted cheek, to milk with roses in it. There is a richness of colouring, as well as of substance in the happy scriptural designation of an abundant country,—"A land overflowing with milk and honey." Milk and honey suit admirably on the breakfast-table. Their colours, their simplicity, their country associations, all harmonize. We have a dairy and a bee-hive before us,—the breath of cows, and the buzzing over the garden. By the way, there is a very pretty design, in Cooke's edition of Parnell's Poems, of a girl milking a cow, by Kirk, a young Scotch artist of great promise, who died prematurely, which has wandered to the tea-cups, and is to be found on some of the cheapest of them. We happened to meet with it in Italy, and felt all our old landscapes before us,—the meadows, the trees, and the village church; all which the artist has put into the back ground. The face is not quite so good on the tea-cup as in the engraving. In that, it is eminently beautiful,—at least in the work now before us. We cannot answer for re-prints. It is one of those faces of sweetness and natural refinement, which are to be met with in the humblest as well as highest classes, where the parentage has been genial, and the bringing up not discordant. The passage illustrated is the pretty exordium of the poet's Eclogue entitled *Health*:—

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass:
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

Is it not better to occupy the fancy with such recollections as these over a common breakfast, than to be lamenting that we have not an uncommon one? which perhaps also would do us a mischief, and for the gain of a little tickling of the palate take health and good temper out of us for the rest of the day. Besides, a palate unspoiled has a relish of milks and teas, and other simple foods, which a Nabob, hot

* *Kine—een*—Scotch and old English for eyes.

† See Cunningham's edition of Drummond, lately published, p. 249.

from his mulligatawney and his megrims, would envy.

We look upon it as a blessing, for our parts, that we retain a liking for a very crust. We were educated at a school, where the food was poorer than the learning; but the monks had lived in its cloisters, and left us a spring of delicious water. Hence we have the pleasure of enjoying a crust of bread and a draught of water to this day. Oftentimes have we "spoilt our dinner," when it has not come up in time, with a "hunk" of bread, choosing rather to spoil our dinner than our spirits: and sweet have been those mouthfuls of the pure staff of life, and relishing of the corn. To our apprehensions there is a sort of white taste in bread, analogous to the colour, and reminding us of the white milkiness of the wheat. We have a respect, both of self-love and sympathy, with the poor light-hearted player in *Gil Blas*, who went singing along the country road, dipping his crust in the stream. Sorrow had no hold on him, with ninety-nine out of her hundred arms. Carelessly along went he, safe from her worst handling, in his freedom from wants. She might have peered out of her old den, and grown softened at his chaunt. But he went alone too: he had none to care for; which was a pleasure also. It would be none to us,—one thing provided. There are pains, when you get heartily acquainted with them, which out-value the reverse pleasures. Besides, we must all get through our tasks, as manfully and cheerfully as we can; losing, if possible, no handsome pleasure by the way, and sustaining ourselves by the thought that all will be for the best, provided we do our best for all. It is not the existence of pain that spoils the relish of the world; but the not knowing how to make the most of pleasures, and thereby reducing the pains to their most reasonable size and their most useful account.

You may make a landscape, if you will, out of your breakfast table, better than Mr. Kirk's picture. Here where the bread stands, is its father, the field of corn, glowing in the sun, cut by the tawny reapers, and presenting a path for lovers. The village church (where they are to be married) is on a leafy slope, on one side; and on the other is a woody hill, with fountains. There, far over the water, (for this basin of water, with island lumps of butter in it, shall be a sea) are our friends the Chinese, picking the leaves of their tea-trees,—a beautiful plant; or the Arabs plucking the berries of the coffee-tree, a still more beautiful one, with a profusion of white blossoms and an odour like jessamine. For the sugar (instead of a bitter thought, not so harmonious to our purpose, but not to be forgotten at due times) you may think of Waller's *Sacharissa*,* so named from the Latin word for sugar (*sacharum*) a poor compliment to the lady; but the lady shall sweeten the sugar, instead of the sugar doing honour to the lady; and she was a very knowing as well as beautiful woman and saw farther into love and sweetness than the sophisticated court poet; so she would not have him, notwithstanding his sugary verses, but married a higher nature.

Bread, milk, and butter are of venerable antiquity. They taste of the morning of the world. Jael, to entertain her guest, "brought forth butter in a lordly dish." Homer speaks of a nation of milk-eaters, whom he calls the "justest of men." To "break bread" was from time immemorial the Eastern signal of hospitality and confidence. We need not add reasons for respecting it, still more reverend. Bread is the "staff of life" throughout the greater part of the civilized world; and so accordant in its taste with the human palate, that nature, in some places, seems to have grown it ready-made on purpose, in the shape of the Bread Fruit Tree. There is also a Milk-tree; but we nowhere find a carniferous, or

flesh bearing tree; nor has the city yet been discovered in which "the pigs run through the streets ready-roasted, with knives and forks stuck in their sides." Civilized nations eat meat, but they can also do without it, living upon milk, grain, and vegetables alone, as in India. None but savages live without those. And common breakfasts, without any meat in them, have this advantage over others, that you can look back upon them without any sort of doubt or disgust, nor are their leavings offensive to the eye. It is one of the perplexities of man's present condition, that he is at once carnivorous, and has very good reason for being so, and relishing his chop and his steak, and yet cannot always reconcile it to the rest of his nature. He would fain eat his lamb, and pity it too; which is puzzling. However, there are worse perplexities than these; and the lambs lead pleasant flowery lives while they do live. Nor could they have had this taste of existence, if they were not bred for the table. Let us all do our best to get the world forward, and we shall see. We shall either do away all we think wrong, or see better reasons for thinking it right. Meanwhile, let us dine and breakfast, like good-humoured people; and not "quarrel with our bread and butter."

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday, the 16th to Tuesday, the 22d of July.

About the close of this week takes place that extraordinary proceeding of government among the bees,—the massacre of the drones.

"After the season of swarming," says Dr. Bevan, "viz.: towards the end of July, as is well known, a general massacre of the drones takes place. The business of fecundation being now completed, they are regarded as useless consumers of the fruits of others labours, "*fruges consumere nati*;" love is at once converted into furious hate, and a general proscription takes place. The unfortunate victims evidently perceive their danger; for they are never, at this time, seen resting in one place, but darting in or out of the hive with the utmost precipitation, as if in fear of being seized. Their destruction has generally been supposed to be effected by the workers harassing them till they quit the hive; this was the opinion of Mr. Hunter, who says that the workers pinch them to and fro, without stinging them, and he considers their death as a natural rather than an untimely one. In this, Bonnet seems to agree with Mr. Hunter. But Huber has observed that their destruction is effected by the stings of the workers. He ascertained this by placing his hives upon a glass table. Reaumur seems to have been aware of this, for he has remarked that, "notwithstanding the superiority which the drones seem to have from their bulk, they cannot hold out against the workers, who are armed with a poison which conveys poison into the wound it makes." The moment this formidable weapon has entered their bodies, they expand their wings, and expire. This sacrifice is not the consequence of a blind indiscriminating instinct, for if a hive be deprived of its queen, no massacre takes place, though the hottest persecution rage in all the surrounding hives. This fact was observed by Bonnet, who supposed the drones to be preserved for the sake of the additional heat which they would generate in the hive during winter; but according to Huber's theory, they are preserved for the purpose of impregnating a new queen. The lives of the drones are also spared in hives which possess fertile workers only, but no proper queen; and likewise in hives governed by a queen whose impregnation has been retarded; but under any other circumstances, the drones all disappear before winter. Not only all that have undergone their full transformations, but every embryo, in whatever period of its existence, shares the same fate. The workers drag them forth from their cells, and after sucking the fluid from the bodies, cast them out of the hive. In all these respects the hive bees resemble wasps, but with this difference; among the latter, not only the males and the male larvae are destroyed, but all the workers and their larvae, (and the very combs themselves), are involved in one indiscriminate ruin, none remaining alive during the winter but the queens, which lie dormant in various holes and corners till the ensuing spring,—of course, without food, for they store none."

How are the destroyers then destroyed? Do they destroy one another? Is the whole of wasp-land

Bent

On bloody courses, till the rude scene ends,
And darkness is the burier of the dead?

Or do the queens go about, stabbing and making a finish?—These appear to be light questions on a subject that might be awful enough, were we bees or wasps: but human beings are too fond of drawing analogies between themselves and other creatures,—a practice, very good, where the latter can receive any benefit from it, but to be used with caution in all other cases. We have, in another publication, (*the Indicator*,—in a paper added to the second edition,) shewn the absurdity of arguing from bee-government to human government,—a process of political reasoning once in great favour with some, who in thinking to advocate the cause of monarchy, forgot the perils they might bring on another part of the state. If men were bees and wasps, they would not only have no sovereigns and mothers except queens, but massacre their nobility, and themselves into the bargain, once a year! But being men, and gifted with reason, they discover that it is a manlier thing to teach and improve one another, than massacre any body. Bees must not guide men. Men are their masters, and must guide them: perhaps will ultimately give them a lift, and so be like gods to them!

As our extract in the present department of our paper is so short this week, we gladly take the opportunity of a beautiful little description of a nook to read in, to make the following striking extract from the *Seven Temptations of Mrs. Howitt*,—a production which we have read through with a pleasure, only bounded by our regret, that the fair writer's conventional opinions of what is good and pious, are not always in perfect harmony with her natural good sense and benevolence. The chief actor in the following scene is a spendthrift who has alienated his house and lands, and is resolved to get them back again by an inexorable pursuit of money.

SCENE III.

A fine moonlight night—A lonely field in the extremity of the valley of Torres.—Enter Thomas with an axe, he takes off the bridle and turns it to graze.

Thomas. There, thou poor, half-starved, patient animal,

There's grass, rare green grass for thee; eat thy fill,
Would thou couldst take a store for forty days!
This once was mine—I tell thee, it was mine!
I know it inch by inch—yon leafy hedge
Is hazel every twig. I little dreamed
When I was wandering here a happy boy,
The time would come when I should steal in here
A thief o' nights!

Ah! I remember well—

There is a little hollow hereabout,
Where wild-briar roses, and lithe honeysuckle
Made a thick bower; 'twas here I used to come
To read sweet books of witching poetry!
Could it be I? No, no, I am so chang'd,
I will not think this man was once that boy,
The thought would drive me mad! I will but think
I once knew one who call'd this vale his own;
I will but think I knew a merry boy,
And a kind, gentle father, years ago,
Who had their dwelling here; and that the boy
Did love this lonely nook, and used to find
Here the first nests of summer; here did read
All witching books of glorious poetry;
And then, that as the boy became a youth,
And gentle feelings strengthened into passion,
And love became the property of life,
Hither he wandered with a girlish beauty,
Gathering, like Proserpine, sweet meadow flowers;
And that they sat beneath the wild-briar rose,
And that he then did kiss that maiden's cheek
The first time as a lover!—Oh, my God!
That was the heir of Torres,—a brave boy,
A noble hearted boy! he grew a man,
And what became of him? Ha! pass we that—
Would that I knew not what became of him!

[*He advances into the hollow.*]

'Tis even as then: tans bower hath little changed,
But hearts have changed since then, and thoughts
have changed,

And the great purpose of a life hath changed!
Oh, that I were a bird among these boughs,
To live a summer life of peace and joy;
To never fret my soul for broken faith;
To have no onward hope, no retrospection!—
Ah! there's the tiny glowworm as of old!
It is a lovely thing. Oh me! how much
That's beautiful and pure have I forgotten!
Years is it since a glow worm crossed my thoughts,
And it was the bright marvel of my boyhood—
A fire, and yet so cold! let's feel it now,
If 'tis as it was then.

[*He stoops to pick it up.*]

Heavens, it is gold!

And here is more! bright, shining, glorious gold!

[*He pulls away the moss and roots, and draws out a small bag of gold coin.*]

* *Sacharissa* was Lady Dorothy Sidney, of the great and truly noble family of the Sidneys. She married a sincere, affectionate, and courageous man, Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who was killed four years afterwards, in a cause for which he thought himself bound to quit the arms of the woman he loved. Her second husband was of the Smythe family. In her old age, meeting Walker at a card table, Lady Sunderland asked him, in good-humoured and not ungrateful recollection of his fine verses, when he would write any more such upon her; to which the "polite" poet, either from spite or want of address, had the poverty of spirit to reply, "Oh, madam! when your ladyship is as young again."

Let me into the moonlight—gold, gold, gold!
A hoard of shining gold: here lieth more
Than I have saved in seven years weary toil,
And honest gain—this is some robber's booty—
It were no sin to take a robber's gold.

[A step is heard approaching.

Ha! some one comes!

[He shrinks into the shade, and lies close under the bank

Man. Now, by your leave, good friend,
Who may you be?

Thos. A poor night traveller,

Who takes up his cheap quarters 'neath the hedges

Man. I'm in the like case too. But, honest friend,

I have a little liking for your pillow,

May't please you take the further side o' the bed!

Thos. First come, first served—it is a well known
adage.

Man. Come, come, my friend, these are my
ancient quarters;

I have a foolish liking for this spot—

All are alike to you—

Thos. I have possession,

And will maintain it!

Man. It shall then be tried.

[He lays hold on Thomas, and they struggle together.

Ha, ha, you thief, then you have got the bag!

Thos. You villain! you marauding thief!

[Thomas rushes into the thicket, the man follows.

Man. (within the thicket). I am a dead man, help!

oh, I am murdered!

Christ help me! I am murdered!

Thos. (Rushing out). He is not! no!

Cuffs do not murder men!

[He runs off.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXIII.—A GAMESTER WITH A WIFE TOO GOOD
FOR HIM.

THIS rare, because pleasing passage, in the domestic history of a gamester (we do not mean the having a wife too good for him—which must be the case with all gamesters whose wives are good for any thing—but the agreeable surprise which she had prepared for him against his downfall) is related by Goldsmith in his life of Beau Nash. It looks like a page out of one of Fielding's novels. We have only to imagine Booth grown less civil, and Amelia remaining what she was, and the incident would have perfectly suited her.

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy on whom they bestowed all that affection, which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharps, who with calanness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably: it was determined therefore to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharps, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony, upon this occasion, was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sat near, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there were no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alledging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuances of ill success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company, would set him sixty guineas upon it: the company were silent: he then demanded fifty; still no answer: he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, "By G—d it shall never go for less," and dashed it against the floor; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

The last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. "But my dear Jemmy," says his wife, "perhaps you

don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed only to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, "There you lie, my dear; his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon," said she, "I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What all?" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he, "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay." Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, "No, my dear," cried she, "you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing: our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

BEAU NASH.

We take the opportunity of following the above extract from Goldsmith's life of this once "influential personage," with an account of Nash himself. We do not add it to our list of "Romances," because though Nash was a real singularity, there was something in him too flimsy to bring him within the borders of so grave a thing as Romance. The most solid thing about him was his charitableness; and it would have made him respectable, had it been less a matter of temperament, and more accompanied with justice. But he was a curiosity of his kind, and a "Reminiscence" of him will not be unacceptable to many of our readers just now, when a popular dramatist has made him the subject of a comedy.

Nash is to be added to the list of long lives; and the reader will observe, that what has been invariably observed of them, and appears (with temperance or great exercise) to be the only invariable condition of their longevity, has not failed in his instance:—he was an early riser.

It has been doubted whether Goldsmith was the author of the life attributed to him. We think, however, it bears strong internal marks of his hand, though not in its happiest or most confident moments. Its pleasantry is uneasy and overdone, as if conscious of having got into company unfit for it; and something of the tawdriness of the subject sticks to him,—perhaps from a secret tendency of his own to mix up the external character of a fine gentleman "in a blossom-coloured coat," with his otherwise natural and totally incompatible character of a single-hearted and unaffected writer. Chalmers, the compiler of the Biographical Dictionary, who was much in the secrets of book-making, appears to have had no doubt on the subject. It is not improbable, that Goldsmith had materials for the life, by some other person, put into his hands, and so made it up by touches of his own, and by altering the composition. The following summary of it is taken from Chalmers, (with the exception of a few words).

Richard Nash, Esq., was born at Swansea, in Glamorganshire, Oct. 18, 1674. His father was a gentleman, whose principal income arose from a partnership in a glass-house: his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, who was killed by Oliver Cromwell, for defending Pembroke Castle against the rebels. He was educated at Caermarthen School, and thence sent to Jesus College, Oxford, in order to prepare him for the study of the law. His father had strained his little income to give his son such an education, and from the boy's natural vivacity, he hoped a recompense from his future preferment. In college, however, he soon shewed that though much might be expected from his genius, nothing could be hoped from his industry. The first method Nash took to distinguish himself at college was not by application to study, but by assiduity in intrigue. Our hero was quickly caught, and went through all the mazes and adventures of a college intrigue before he was seventeen; he offered marriage; the offer was accepted; but the affair coming to the knowledge of his tutor, his badness, or perhaps his misery was prevented, and he was sent home from college, with

necessary advice to him, and proper instructions to his father. He now purchased a pair of colours, commenced a professed admirer of the sex, and dressed to the very edge of his finances; but soon becoming disgusted with the life of a soldier, quitted the army, entered his name as a student in the Temple books, and here went to the very summit of second-rate luxury. He spent some years about town, till at last, his genteel appearance, his constant civility, and still more his assiduity, gained him the acquaintance of several persons, qualified to lead the fashion both by birth and fortune. He brought a person genteely dressed to every assembly; he always made one of those who are called good company; and assurance gave him an air of elegance and ease.

He was, if not a brilliant, at least an agreeable companion. He never forgot good manners, even in the highest warmth of familiarity, and, as we hinted before, never went in a dirty shirt, to disgrace the table of his patron or friend. "These qualifications," says his biographer, "might make the furniture of his head; but for his heart, that seemed an assemblage of the virtues which display an honest benevolent mind; with the vices that spring from too much good nature." He had pity for every creature in distress, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefits. He had generosity for the wretched in the highest degree, at a time when his creditors complained of his justice.

Nash was now fairly for life entered into a new course of gaiety and dissipation, and steady in nothing but in the pursuit of variety. He was thirty years old, without fortune, or useful talents to acquire one. He had hitherto only led a life of expedients; he thanked chance alone for his support; and having been long precariously supported, he became, at length, totally a stranger to prudence or precaution. Not to disguise any part of his character, he was now by profession a gamester; and went on from day to day feeling the vicissitudes of rapture and anguish in proportion to the fluctuations of fortune. About 1703, the city of Bath became, in some measure, frequented by people of distinction. The company was numerous enough to form a country-dance upon the bowling-green; they were amused with a fiddle and a hautboy, and diverted with the romantic walks round the city. They usually sauntered in fine weather in the grove, between two rows of sycamore trees. Several learned physicians, Dr. Jordan and others, had even then praised the salubrity of the wells; and the amusements were put under the direction of a master of the ceremonies. Captain Webster was the predecessor of Nash. This gentleman, in 1704, carried the balls to the Town-hall, each man paying half-a-guinea each ball. One of the greatest physicians of his age conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of the waters; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which, he said, "he would cast a toad into the spring."

In this situation things were when Nash first came into the city; and, hearing the threat of this physician, he humorously assured the people, that if they would give him leave, he would charm away the poison of the toad, as they usually charmed the venom of the tarantula by music. He therefore was immediately empowered to set up a band of music against the doctor's reptile; the company very sensibly increased, Nash triumphed, and the sovereignty of the city was decreed to him by every rank of people. None could possibly conceive a person more fit to fill this employment than Nash; he had some wit; but it was of that sort which is rather happy than permanent. He was charitable himself, and generally shamed his betters into a similitude of sentiment, if they were not naturally so before. His first care, when made master of the ceremonies, or King of Bath, as it is called, was to promote a music subscription of one guinea each, for a band; which was to consist of six performers, who were to receive a guinea a-week each for their trouble. He allowed also two guineas a-week for lighting and sweeping the rooms, for which he accounted to the subscribers by receipt. By his direction, one Thomas Harrison erected a handsome assembly-house for these purposes. A better band of music was also procured, and the former subscription of one guinea was raised to two. Harrison had three guineas a week for the room and candles, and the music two guineas a man. The money Nash received, and accounted for with the utmost exactness and punctuality. The balls, by this direction, were to begin at six and to end at eleven. Nor would he suffer them to continue a moment longer, lest invalids might commit irregularities, to counteract the benefit of the waters. By degrees, he made the gentlemen give up their custom of wearing their swords at the rooms; and in order to make their boots follow the swords, he was at the pain of getting up a puppet show, in which Punch did the most preposterous things, booted and spurred, going, among other pranks to bed, thus accoutred. The city of Bath by such assiduity, soon became the theatre of summer amusements for all the people of fashion; and the magistrates of the city, finding him so necessary and useful, took every opportunity of paying the same respect to his fictitious royalty, that is generally extorted

by real power. His equipage was sumptuous, and he used to travel to Tunbridge in a post chaise and six greys, with outriders, footmen, French horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat; and to apologize for this singularity, said he did it purely to secure it from being stolen; his dress was tawdry, and not perfectly genteel; he might be considered as a beau of several generations, and, in his appearance, he, in some measure, mixed the fashions of a former age with those of his own. He perfectly understood elegant expense, and generally passed his time in the best company, if persons of the first distinction deserve that title.

But, perhaps, the reader may demand, what finances were to support all this finery?—or whence the treasures came that gave him such frequent opportunities of displaying his benevolence or his vanity? The secret was to be found in his gaming. Wherever people of fashion came, needy adventurers were generally found in waiting. With such, Bath swarmed; and among this class Nash was certainly to be numbered in the beginning—only with this difference, that he wanted the corrupt heart too commonly attending a life of expedients; for he was generous, humane, and honourable, even though by profession a gamester. But, whatever skill Nash might have acquired by long practice in play, he was never formed by nature for a successful gamester. He was constitutionally passionate and generous. While others made considerable fortunes at the gaming table, he was ever in the power of chance; nor did even the intimacy with which he was received by the great, place him in a state of independence. The considerable inconveniences that were found to result from a permission of gaming, at length attracted the attention of the Legislature; and in the twelfth year of his late Majesty the most prevalent games at that time were declared fraudulent and unlawful.

It was enacted that after the 24th of June, 1745, none should be permitted to keep a house, room, or place for playing, upon pain of such forfeitures as were declared in former acts instituted for that purpose.

By this wise and just act, all Nash's future hopes of succeeding by the tables were blown up. From that time, we find him involved in continual disputes, every day calumniated with some new slander, and continually endeavouring to obviate its effects. Nature had by no means formed him for a *beau garçon*: his person was clumsy, too large, and awkward, and his features harsh, strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet, even with those disadvantages, he made love, became a universal admirer of the sex, and was universally admired. He was possessed, at least, of some requisites of a lover. He had assiduity, flattery, fine clothes, and as much wit as the ladies he addressed. Wit, flattery, and finery clothes, he used to say, were enough to debauch a nunnery. He did not long continue an universal gallant; but in the earlier years of his reign, entirely gave up his endeavours to deceive the sex, in order to become the honest protector of their innocence, the guardian of their reputation, and a friend to their virtue. This was a character he bore for many years, and supported it with integrity, assiduity, and success; and he not only took care, during his administration, to protect the ladies from the insults of our sex, but to guard them from the slander of each other. He, in the first place, prevented any animosities that might arise from place and precedence, by being previously acquainted with the rank and quality of almost every family in the British dominion. He endeavoured to make scandal odious, by marking it as the result of envy and folly united. Whatever might have been his other excellencies, there was one in which few exceeded him—his extensive humanity. None felt pity more strongly, and none made greater efforts to relieve distress. 'If we were,' says his biographer, 'to name any reigning and fashionable virtue in the present age, it should be charity. We know not whether it may not be spreading the influence of Nash too widely to say, that he was one of the principal causes of introducing this noble emulation among the rich; but certain it is, no private man ever relieved the distressed of so many as he.'

As Nash grew old, he grew insolent, and seemed not aware of the pain his attempts to be a wit gave others. He grew peevish and fretful; and they who only saw the remnant of a man, severely returned that laughter upon him, which he had once lavished upon others. Poor Nash was no longer the gay, thoughtless, idly industrious person he once was; he now forgot how to supply new modes of entertainment, and became too rigid to wind with care through the vicissitudes of fashion. The evening of his life began to grow cloudy. His fortune was gone, and nothing but poverty lay in prospect. He now began to want that charity which he had never refused to any; and to find that a life of dissipation and gaiety is ever terminated by misery and regret. He was now past the power of giving or receiving pleasure, for he was poor, old, and peevish; yet still he was incapable of turning from his former manner of life to pursue happiness. An old man thus striving after pleasure, is indeed an object of pity; but a man at

once old and poor, running on in this pursuit, might excite astonishment.

Anxious, timid, his thoughts still hanging on a receding world, he desired to enjoy a little longer that life, the miseries of which he had experienced so long. The poor unsuccessful gamester husbanded the wasting moments with an increased desire to continue the game; and, to the last, eagerly wished for one yet more happy throw. He died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, Feb. 3, 1761, aged 87. His death was sincerely regretted by the city, to which he had been so long and so great a benefactor.

In domestic life, among his servants and dependants, where no gloss was required to colour his sentiments and disposition, nor any mask necessary to conceal his foibles, Nash was ever fond of promoting the interests of his servants and dependants, and making them happy. In his own house, no man was, perhaps, more regular, cheerful, and beneficent. His table was always free to those who sought his friendship or wanted a dinner. As his thoughts were entirely employed in the affairs of his government, he was seldom at home but at the time of eating or of rest. His table was well served, but his entertainment consisted principally of plain dishes. He generally arose early in the morning, being seldom in bed after five; and to avoid disturbing the family and depriving his servants of their rest, he had the fire laid after he was in bed, and in the morning lighted it himself, and sat down to read some of his few, but well chosen books. His generosity and charity in private life, though not so conspicuous, was as great as that in public, and indeed far more considerable than his little income would admit of.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

COWLEY.

His Preference of a Small Style of Living to a Great.

Abraham Cowley, a political court secretary, son of a grocer, born at the western corner of Chancery Lane in Fleet Street, A.D. 1618, and as honest a man in the ranks of the loyalists to Charles the First, as Milton was in those of the republicans, was looked upon, by the leaders of opinion in his time, as the greatest wit and poet that existed, perhaps that ever existed. A wit he was, and a poet too, though not of the great order that was supposed. His most admired poetry was full of "conceits," that is to say, of laboured and far-fetched thoughts, instead of imagination and feeling; but amidst his less pretending compositions he has verses that abundantly satisfy both the taste and heart, and his prose is exquisite. It is the genuine expression of a sincere, thoughtful, kindly, and innocent nature. Pope has well touched upon the difference between what was mortal in his writings, and what has survived him:—

"Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
Yet still we love the language of his heart."

The following is one of those "Essays in Prose and Verse," which form the portion of his works that Pope alludes to, and which have ever been the delight of lovers of reading, especially those who are fond of taking a country walk with a book in their hand. The paraphrase of Horace at the end of it is not such close and finished writing as the original Latin; but the feeling in it is more true to the subject; and there is a more thorough air of goodness in Cowley than in Horace. Both were courtiers; but Horace was a courtier in the worldly sense. Cowley's heart always retained its boyhood.

"SINCE we cannot attain to greatness," (says the *Sieur de Montaigne*), "let us have our revenge by railing at it." This he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason: for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the inconveniences. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it and made one of the principal officers of the state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of but small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial: I can therefore only make my protestation.

If ever I more riches did desire
Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great;
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will dispise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor spirited fellow; but I am content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so

*Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi.*

Sat. iv. 17.

I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I ever were to fall in love again, (which is a great passion, and, therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but, as Lucretius says,

Parvula, pumilio, xaphronula, tota merum sal.

Lucr. iv. 1155.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affection of grandeur Seneca the elder describes to this effect:—Senecio was a man of turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour at last grew into so notorious a habit or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town; he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion; you may believe me, for I speak it without railery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet; he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse plums and pound pears; he kept a concubine that was a very giantess, and made her walk to always in Chiopins, till, at last, he got the name of Senecio Grandio, which Messala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*; when he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes's army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms and stood on tip-toes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out in a very loud voice; "I rejoice, I rejoice!"—We wondered, I remember, what new fortune had befallen his eminence. 'Xerxes,' says he, 'is all mine own. He who took away the sight of the sea, with the canvass sails of so many ships,' and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burley way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at; and yet there are few men who are not in some things, and in some degrees, *Grandios*. Is anything more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and inconvenient. What is all this but a spice of *Grandio*? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures, (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them), as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible diversions and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes* of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly possessed it; and yet one of them who styled himself lord and god of the earth,† could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub.‡ One of his predecessors, Nero, who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite, could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them; this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was to sing, and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon a public stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were of their triumphs over nations; he did not at his death complain that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the Cæsarean race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end; but only cried out, 'Alas! what pity it is, that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner.§ His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; and that was the main fruit

* Louis XIII. The Duke de Laynes, the constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this powerful and fortunate prince, by training up singing birds for him.

† Domitian.

‡ Beelzebub signifies the Lord of Flies.—Cowley.

§ 'Quatis artifex pereio!'—Suetonius, in his Life of Nero.

of his sovereignty. I omit the madnesses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreation, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating?

Was it for this that Rome's best blood be spilt,

With so much falsehood, so much guilt?

Was it for this that his ambition strove

To equal Cæsar first; and after, Jove?

Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;

Her merchandize (I fear) is all in toys;

She would not else, sure, so uncivil be,

To treat his universal majesty,

His new-created Deity

With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cakes, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well; not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant; not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the tailor or valet-de-chambre; not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest tapestry; but a convenient brick-house, with decent wainscoat, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions), not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountains or cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both; servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other, liberty, tranquillity, security and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object.

Sed quantum vertice ad auras

Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.*

As far up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress; what a wonderful thing this is! Unless it degenerate into vice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

Mancipii locuples, eget æris-Cappadocum rex,†

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor King of Cappadocia; "they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money." The ancient Roman Emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour and squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine. As riches increase, (says Solomon), so do the mouths that devour them! The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, with an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniences arise naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself; still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it has got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriff, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon.

The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroic attempt of scaling heaven in spite of the gods; and they cast Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa: two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business; but the thunder spoilt all their work when they were come up to the third story:

And what a noble plot was crost!

And what a brave design was lost!

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation,* when, from the condition of a very inconceivable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the little heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of king and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would, perhaps, have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that exists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is, in truth, no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no uppr hand in nature; everything is little, and everything is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be, perhaps, some village in Scotland or Ireland where I might be a great man; and in that case I should be like Cæsar, (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in any thing,) and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second of Rome. Our country is called Great Britany, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it when we consider it with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole earth besides, and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied but rudely imitated:—

HORACE, B. III. ODE I.

"Odi profanum vulgus," &c.

Hence, ye profane; I hate you all;

Both the great vulgar and the small.

To virgin minds which yet their native whiteness hold,

Not yet discoloured'd with the love of gold,

(That jaundice of the soul,

Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),

To you, ye very few, these truths I tell;

The muse inspires my song,—hark, and observe it well.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds

Twixt things that were the same by birth;

We look on kings as giants of the earth,

These giants are but pigmies to the gods.

The humblest bush and proudest oak

Are but of equal proof against the thunder stroke.

Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and

power,

Have their short flourishing hour:

And love to see themselves, and smile,

And joy in their pre-eminence a while;

Even so in the same land,

Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand;

Alas! death mows down all with an impartial

hand.

And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,

Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:

If ye your eyes could upwards move

(But ye I fear think nothing is above),

Ye would perceive by what a little thread

The sword still hangs over your head:

No tide of wine would drown your cares;

No mirth or music over noise your fears:

The fear of death would you so watchful keep,

As not to admit the image of it, sleep.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,

And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

The meanest country cottages:

His poppy grows among the corn.

The halcyon sleep will never build his nest

In any stormy breast.

'Tis not enough that he does find

Clouds and darkness in the mind;

Darkness but half his work will do:

'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.

The man, who, in all wishes he does make,

Does only nature's counsel take,

That wise and happy man will never fear

The evil aspects of the year;

Nor tremble, though two comets should appear:

He does not look in almanacs to see

Whether he fortunate shall be;

* Cromwell.

Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,

And what they please against the world design,

So Jupiter within him shine.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found

God to your cares and fears will set no bound.

What would content you? who can tell

Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,

As if ye liked it well:

Ye strive for more, as if ye liked it not

Go level hills, and fill up seas,

Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please:

But, trust me, when you have done all this,

Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

THREE GERMAN LEGENDS

I.—HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

[We have drawn largely this time on the "Lays and Legends of various Nations;" but the new number, being another on "Germany," the most legendary of all nations, naturally tempts us; and our temptation is made virtuous by the excellent morals of what we quote.]

On a sultry Summer evening, Henry, Bishop of Halberstadt, and a foreign Bishop, who had been his guest for a month, were seated on the lawn before the castle of Gruningen. On a table before them stood, in two massive cups, their night drink. From ten o'clock in the morning, when they had seated themselves to their mid-day meat, their conversation had turned upon a mighty wine tun which had been constructed for a Bishop on the banks of the Rhine, and upon the propriety of every noble ecclesiastic having a similar one, for the purpose of giving suitable splendour to his residence. The question at length became so thoroughly exhausted, that the conversation began to flag, and was carried on for the most part slowly and in monosyllables, being from time to time interrupted by the yawnings of both parties.

Fortunately, at this moment Conrad, the shepherd, brought into the court-yard of the castle his well-tended flock, which Bishop Henry himself always counted over every evening. 'God greet thee, my lord Bishop.' 'Good evening to you, Conrad; where is the ram?' Conrad whistled, and a large handsome ram came bounding forth to the shepherd, and then to the Bishop, who stroked him, and fed him with crumbs of bread, which he had laid by on the table for the purpose. The Bishop then conversed for a minute or two with the shepherd, and asked him, jocosely, 'when his wedding was to take place?' Conrad was a little confused by the question, and withdrew, followed by his flock.

When he was gone, the Bishop began expatiating upon the beauty of the ram, which nothing could induce him to part with, and then upon his good shepherd Conrad, who was honesty itself. The foreign Bishop laughed at this declaration; for much travelling, and frequent residence at various princely courts, had filled him with distrust in his fellow-creatures. He maintained that it was impossible to find a really honest servant, at least in the retinue of an ecclesiastic; for they would all deceive their masters, and were all knaves more or less.

Bishop Henry contradicted this with great earnestness, praised the worthy disposition of the people over whom he wielded his crozier, but above all, Conrad the shepherd, who had never told him an untruth, nor deceived him in the most trifling affair. 'What, has Conrad never yet told you a lie,—never deceived you,—never betrayed his master?' said the foreign Bishop sarcastically. 'No,' answered Henry warmly, in defence of his retainer, 'Conrad never has been, nor ever will be, guilty of such conduct.' 'No!' repeated the foreign Bishop: 'what wager would you venture upon that?'

After sundry proposals, the Bishops at length agreed to support their opinions by a wager of a wine-tun, which should hold one hundred and fifty butts of wine. And, within three days, Conrad was, without being made aware of it, to be put to the test. This done, they took leave of one another for the night, well pleased to have found a fresh source of amusement for the next few days, and each feeling certain of victory.

The foreign Bishop, however, before retiring to rest, entered, as was his wont, into conversation and council with his servant Peter. This Peter, who was nominally only the servant and professed jester of the Bishop, was in fact much more his secret adviser than many of those who flattered it in titles and bands; and to him the Bishop looked for advice and assistance in all his difficulties, spiritual and temporal. Peter was accustomed to hear, to see, and occasionally to think for his master, without any body suspecting it; and this he had already done upon the very subject in question.

This evening he was, however, not in a very communicative humour; but the Knave, whom his master had made acquainted with everything, was vexed at heart, and it was only his master's promise of a new scarlet cap in case of winning the wager, which at all induced him to open his lips. After many biting remarks upon the cost of a wine tun which would hold a hun-

* Virgil. Georg. II. 291.

† Horace. 1. Epist. VI. 39.

ered and fifty butts of wine, and come to more than half the yearly income of the bishoprick, he at length undertook to discover by what means this Conrad—this paragon pattern, and phoenix of honesty, as lord and servant jestingly called him, was to be tempted.

No sooner did the sun arise, than Peter set to work to bring about the object decided upon on the previous evening; and before noon he was enabled to tell his master that Conrad had a sweetheart, the pretty Lisette, but who would hear nothing of his passion till he had a house of his own to take her to, so poor were they both. The industrious Peter had himself already spoken to Lisette, and found her both ready and willing to assist in the scheme which he had devised. And all that he now had to ask from his master was a small sum of money to ensure the winning of this huge wine-tun. The bishop gave him what he desired, and seated himself in good heart at the table.

Peter then returned to the pretty Lisette, shewed her the money which he had got, and they discoursed together about a cottage which a poor widow in the neighbourhood had long wanted to dispose of; and Peter ended by promising to give Lisette the purchase-money for it, as soon as she had brought what he wished for.

On the following morning Lisette set to work in a spot past which Conrad must necessarily drive his flock. No sooner did Conrad see her in the distance, than he flew to her, accompanied by his favourite ram, and repeated to her all that he had previously told her, over and over again, to gain her consent to their marriage. But to all this Lisette answered him very coolly—that she had heard it a thousand times before, and if he had nothing more to say to her about a house of his own to take her to, that he knew very well what her determination was.

Conrad was about to take his leave with a troubled heart, when a half friendly glance from Lisette made him turn round and ask her, why she always behaved so coolly towards him, and what he should do to please her? 'Well, for the novelty of the thing, let us see whether you will do anything that I ask you,' said Lisette (the bishop's favourite ram had thrust himself between her and Conrad, and was eating bread out of her hand); 'will you, then, give me this ram, that I may sell it?'

Conrad's heart felt when he heard this request. Sorrowfully he replied, 'Everything in the world besides, but not that. If the bishop were not to feed my ram every evening, I should be sure to meet with some disaster. Take the ten best sheep of the flock, take the whole fifty of them that belong to me, but leave me the ram.'

'Well,' said Lisette; 'what a pattern of a man you are! But begone with your fifty sheep! Well! you are a pretty bridegroom, indeed, to refuse me such a trifle! You would certainly be a very good-natured husband when the honeymoon was over! Go, go to the bishop, let him feed your pet ram; and you may kiss his great toe into the bargain!'

Thus did they contend for awhile together. Conrad wept for very sorrow. Lisette, at least, acquainted him that she had sold the ram for the little cottage which they had both so often wished for, and that she must give it up that day, let it cost what it might, for she had passed her word to that effect, and would not be convicted of a falsehood, be the consequences what they might; she then dropped a few tears, to think that anything should have marred the unexpected joy she felt, at being able to purchase a snug dwelling, in which both themselves and their children might live so happy together; and then again enquired whether sheep did not die every day; whether they were never lost or stolen; and whether the wolf never ate any of the numbered flocks?

Love at length gained the victory. Conrad clapped his hands, and promised that before noon the ram should be her's; whereupon, Lisette gave Conrad her hand and promise, that in a month's time she would become his wife; and added a kiss to the bargain, as a sort of earnest money.

Lisette made the best of her way back to the village, and Conrad watched her as long as he could see her. The joy of his betrothing was, however, sorely troubled at the thoughts of the enquiries of his powerful, but at the same time, kind hearted master, in whose service he had hitherto conducted himself with such propriety, and who was so very fond of this favourite beast.

And he stood alone in the field where Lisette had been occupied, with his eyes fixed on the earth. At last he thrust his crook into the ground, hung his cloak over it, placed his bonnet on the top of it, and then began a series of soliloquies, or dialogues, whichever they may be called, in which he was occasionally assisted by the action of the ram.

'God greet you, my lord Bishop!'—'Good even to you, Conrad; but where's the ram?' 'Ram, lord Bishop! why the ram is lost. I mean it has really strayed away.—(The beast, just as he was speaking, thrust himself between his master's feet, as if to eye the strange image before which he kept bowing so respectfully). 'Conrad, Conrad!' with a shake of the head, 'he is accustomed to be fed so regularly, I am sure he would not stray away—that won't do!'

A second dialogue, in which Conrad described the

ram as having been stolen, was interrupted by a powerful blow with which the beast returned his master's bow. 'You would not suffer yourself to be taken very easily, so that won't do.'

He continued for a full half hour conversing with himself in this manner, ending every excuse with a shake of the head, and a 'Conrad! that won't do!'

'And yet,' added he, 'I must part with the poor brute before noon, for I have promised to do so, and if Lisette does not give him to the person to whom she has sold him, she will be a cheat, and can never be my wife!'

At last he jumped for joy into the air, crying out, 'Honesty is the best policy! That will do—that will do!' He drew on his cloak, clapped his cap upon his head, and drove forward his herd. And yet, before noon, he handed over his favourite with a deep sigh to Lisette, who exchanged him for the purchase money of the cottage, without troubling her brains much upon the subject.

The evening was appointed for the trial of Conrad's honesty—a trial of which he had not the slightest suspicion. The bishops were, as usual, seated at their night drink, expecting the arrival in the palace court-yard of the shepherd, who was to decide their wager. They spoke but little, for each was anxious to leave to his friend the honour and expense of constructing the huge wine-tun.

Peter, the secret councillor, was in high spirits; and laughing to himself, rejoiced beforehand at the victory and success of his well laid plan. For he had the pet sheep in his possession, and felt sure that Conrad would never venture to speak the plain truth, whereby he would be certain to draw down upon himself the anger and high displeasure of his all powerful master, and get dismissed from his service.

Thus thought Peter, the secret adviser. In the meanwhile, Conrad drove his herd into the palace court, right before the bishops. Peter smiled, for he read, or he fancied he read, fear and anxiety in the countenance of the shepherd.

This evening, however, no favourite ram gambled before Bishop Henry, to eat the bread from his hand. 'Where is the ram?' enquired the bishop, with a significant glance. Conrad answered with a firm voice, 'I have sold it!—there, the truth is out—honesty is the best policy. That is my favourite saying, as you know, my lord bishop; and, by God's grace, my favourite saying it shall continue to be!'

Peter's visage lengthened considerably, but bishop Henry called out, 'Why have you sold it without speaking to me? I would rather have paid ten times the sum it fetched. Don't you know that?'

'Lord Bishop,' said Conrad, 'pray hear me. Lisette has betrayed me, as Eve before he betrayed Adam; and a knave has betrayed Lisette, as the Evil One of old did Eve. If he will give me my ram again, I will not say who he is. (Peter trembled away full of rage, for gone was his money, gone his promised cap of scarlet, and all hopes of a drinking bout, which he had calculated upon at the end of the business). Lisette had sold the beast without first speaking to me about it, otherwise it would not have happened. But as she had done so, I felt bound to give him up, how much soever I might be grieved at doing so, otherwise she would have told a lie, and would not have been what she is now to be—my wife. That is the real truth, lord bishop; so now do with me as you please. What is done, is done, but do not punish Lisette; a weak head is soon betrayed by a serpent.'

Bishop Henry would have scolded him, but the strange bishop said, with a troubled side glance to Peter, who was making off from the scene, 'I have lost my wager: that was the proof.'

And bishop Henry chided not. The pleasure of winning the wager consoled him; but the honesty of Conrad delighted him more than gaining the wine-tun, and he acknowledged the power of love.

'Verily,' cried the two bishops, 'Honesty is the best policy.' And Bishop Henry said, 'As a reward for thine honesty, I will be at the charge of thy wedding, and the half of the flock shall be thine.' 'And,' continued the other bishop, 'thou art welcome to thy ram again, and thou shalt still keep the cottage, as a christening present to thy first child!'

And the bishop who lost the wager caused the large wine-tun to be built, which formerly brought so many travellers to Groningen, and which is now on the Spigelsberg, near Halberstadt.

II. HANS JAGUENTEUFEL.

It is commonly believed that if any person is guilty of a crime for which he deserves to lose his head, he will, if he escape punishment during his life time, be condemned after his death to wander about with his head under his arm.

In the year 1644, a woman of Dresden went out early one Sunday morning into a neighbouring wood for the purpose of collecting acorns. In an open space, at a spot not very far from the place which is called Lost Water, she heard somebody blow a very strong blast upon a hunting horn, and immediately afterwards a heavy fall, as though a large tree had fallen to the ground. The woman was greatly alarmed, and concealed her little bag of acorns among the grass; shortly afterwards the horn blew a second

time, and on looking round she saw a man without a head, dressed in a long grey cloak and riding upon a grey horse; he was booted and spurred, and had a bugle horn hanging at his back. As, however, he rode past her very quietly, she regained her courage, went on gathering the acorns, and when evening came, returned home undisturbed.

Nine days afterwards, the woman returned to that spot for the purpose of again collecting the acorns, and as she sat down by the Fosterberg, peeling an apple, she heard behind her a voice, calling out to her, 'Have you taken a whole sack of acorns, and nobody tried to punish you for doing so?' 'No,' said she, 'the foresters are very kind to the poor, and they have done nothing to me; the Lord have mercy on my sins!' And with these words she turned about, and there stood he of the grey cloak, but this time he was without his horse, and carried his head, which was covered with curling brown hair, under his arm. The woman shrunk from him in alarm, but the Spirit said, 'You do well to pray to God to forgive you your sins, it was never my good lot to do so.' And thereupon he related to her how he had lived about one hundred and thirty years before, and was called Hans Jaguenteufel, as his father had been before him; and how that his father had often besought him not to be hard upon poor people, and that he had paid no regard to the advice that his father had given to him, but had passed his time in drinking and carousing, and all manner of wickedness. For which he was now condemned to wander about the world as an evil spirit.

III.—THE GREEN ROBE.

There were once three brothers, of whom the eldest ones always despised the youngest; and when they went out in the world to seek their fortunes, they drove him out of their company, saying, 'We have no need of you,—you must travel by yourself.' So they left him, and he was forced to wander alone. And he came to a very high mountain, on the top of which was a circle of trees, and he was almost starved; he sat down under these trees, and began to weep. Scarcely had he seated himself before he heard a loud noise, and immediately the Evil One came to him, dressed in a green robe, and with a cloven hoof, and asked him what he was crying for. Then he told him all his misfortunes, and how his brothers had abandoned him. When the Evil One heard this, he said, 'Well, I can assist you; put on this green robe, it has pockets, which will always keep full of gold, let you use it as fast as ever you may; but upon this condition, that for seven years, you neither wash yourself, comb yourself, nor say your prayers. If you die during these seven years, you will be mine; if not, you will be free from your bargain, and be a rich man all the days of your life.' His necessities obliged him to agree to these terms; so he put on the green robe, and when he put his hands in his pockets, he found them quite full of gold.

Now he went forth into the world with his wonderful robe; and for the first year it was well enough, for he could purchase whatever he wanted, and passed off tolerably well among his fellow-creatures, but the second year did not go off quite so pleasantly; his hair had grown so long that nobody knew him, and he had grown so frightful that he could scarcely find any person who would let him into their houses. Every year matters grew worse; but he gave great alms to the poor, that they might pray for him, that he might not die, and fall into the power of the Tempter during the seven years. It was during the fourth year that he came to an inn, the landlord of which would not take him in—till he saw what large sums of gold he took from his pockets,—then he was glad enough of his company. During the night, Green Robe heard some one moaning bitterly in the next room; and when he went to hear what was the matter, he found an old man, who bade him go his ways, for he could not assist him. So he asked the old man what he wanted. He said he had no money, and that because he was in the landlord's debt, he detained him until he paid it. 'Then,' said Green Robe to him, 'I have money enough—I'll soon pay it;' and he did so, and delivered the old man.

Now it happened that this old man had three beautiful daughters; so he asked him to go home and marry one of them, in return for his kindness. He went; but when they arrived there, and the eldest saw him, she declared that she would never marry so frightful an object; and the second flew from her home, rather than do so; while the youngest said,—'Dear father, since you have promised as much, and this man helped you in the time of need, I will do what you desire of me.' Then Green Robe took a ring from his finger, broke it in half, gave her the one half, and retained the other for himself; and in her half he wrote his name, and in his half her's, and said they must take good care of them. After staying with her a little, he departed saying, 'Now I must leave you for three years. Be faithful unto me for this period, and I will then return and marry you; but if I come not back again in three years, you are free, for I shall be dead; but in the meantime, pray for me that my life may be preserved.'

During these three years, the two elder sisters mocked and laughed at the youngest, saying that she was going to have a bear for her husband, instead of

an ordinary man. But she heeded them not, and thought, 'We should obey our father, come what may.' Meanwhile, Green Robe journeyed through the wide world, purchasing, wherever he came, the most beautiful presents for his betrothed; doing good to all, ill to none, and giving to the poor whatsoever they asked of him. And Providence rewarded him; for when the three years were past, he was still alive and hearty. So he went to the circle of trees upon the lofty mountain, and he heard the loud noise, and the Tempter came, angered and vexed at seeing him, and threw him back his old robe, and demanded the green one. This the youth handed to him quite joyfully, and so became free again, and a rich man for ever. So he went home, dressed and cleaned himself, and set forth to see his betrothed.

When he came to the door, her father met him, and he announced himself as the bridegroom; but the old man did not know him again, and would not believe him. Then he went to his future bride, but neither she believed him. Then he asked her if she had still got half of his ring. She said 'Yes'; and fetched it: and when he produced the other half, and she saw how they matched, she was assured that he could be no other than the bridegroom. And when she saw what a goodly man he was, she became deeply enamoured of him, and straightways they were married. But the two sisters were so grieved that they had rejected such good fortune, that on the day of the wedding, the one hanged, and the other drowned herself; and at night, a loud knocking was heard at the house, and when the bridegroom arose, and opened the door, he saw the Tempter in his green robe, who said, 'At all events, I have now got two souls instead of your one.'

MEDALS A KIND OF BOOKS.

(For the London Journal.)

We have, from our youth upwards, been addicted to the study of ancient medals. Ere the tail of our jacket exceeded a span in length, we were ever on the alert when we heard of the discovery of ancient treasure, and have often followed the plough, not as rural labourers, nor like the rooks to pick up the vermin so unceremoniously disturbed, but in the hope of seeing the plough-share bring to light some relic of the olden time.

We confess our relationship to the Dry-as-dust family; and let those, who will, sneer at our endeavours to eke out information from mould and dust and cobwebs; we have often derived both pleasure and profit from our examinations. Our business is now with a description of antiquities second only to the statuary of the ancients; those images, before which as Addison remarks, the politest nations of modern times have bowed the knee. Need we add, that we mean the coins of the Greeks and Romans, those minute relics upon which we certainly have the correct representation of many statues by the first masters of antiquity. The noble figure of Neptune, on a large brass coin of Hadrianus, resting his foot on the prow of a vessel, is evidently copied from a statue of the time, as are also the figures of Jupiter Stator, the deity to whom Cicero appeals in his tremendous orations against Catiline. But first a few words on the coins of the Greeks. Many obscure states struck coins and these are now almost their only remaining records. "When we compare," says Payne Knight, "the smallness and insignificance of many of these states, scarcely known to the historian or geographer, with the exquisite beauty, elegance, and costly refinement displayed in their money, the common drudge of retail traffic in the lowest stages of society, we must admit that there is scarcely any thing more wonderful in the history of man."

Of some Greek cities we have such an abundance of ancient coins that they are often sold at public sales for little more than their intrinsic value. The gold pieces of Carthage exist in great numbers, and although mostly of elegant fabric, bring but a trifle beyond the price of the metal of which they are composed. The coins of Sicily are common to excess, and of the most exquisite fabric; and the large silver medallions of Syracuse still remain in some numbers to delight the artist and the antiquary.* To enumerate the various emblems on the coins of the Greeks would occupy many volumes; plants, animals, weapons, armour, utensils, are given with surprising fidelity and spirit. Sicily displays her ear of barley and her fish; Carthage her palm-tree and horse; Corinth the Pegasus; Chios the Sphynx, and Athens her favourite badge, the bird of Minerva. In looking over a well arranged cabinet, we see the compositions of the first artists of antiquity: Hercules combats the lion and strangles Antæus; Bellerophon gives battle to the Chimera; the Dioscuri rush to the con-

flict with levelled lances; and Diana with buskined leg and curtailed tunic, directs her arrow with unerring certainty, to the heart of the fated stag. Nor are the other deities neglected: Ephesus glories in the temple of her Diana, who is represented with numberless breasts; and Samos boasts her Juno. The truly noble and godlike head of Jupiter must be as familiar to every numismatic student, as his own image in a mirror; in fact, that extraordinary compilation of fables, the Mythology, can in no manner be studied better than in the coins of the Greeks and Romans. Of the money of the latter, we have an infinite number of specimens, containing portraits of nearly all the Emperors, many of the Emperresses, and Cæsars, and several of those of the Consuls, not forgetting the heads of the early kings, Ancus and Numa; but the latter are found on coins of a period posterior to their reigns, and were struck by families who boasted their descent from those princes.

Having reached thus far we shall take occasion to mention a work which has been recently published and has received the approbation of our literary journals: it is entitled "*A Descriptive Catalogue of Roman Coins from the earliest period of the Roman Coinage to the extinction of the Empire under Constantine Paleologus, by J. Z. Akerman, F.S.A.*" This Catalogue which is comprised in two volumes octavo, contains a description of upwards of ten thousand coins, and is illustrated by numerous fac-simile engravings from the originals in the British Museum, and other public and private collections in this country and on the continent. It commences with the "As, a large piece of brass first issued in the time of the Roman kings." The account which Pliny gives of this money is not satisfactory, for he speaks of a sudden and considerable reduction in its weight, while pieces exist which show that the declension was gradual. Our information with respect to this early money is very limited, and we shall be glad to see an elaborate treatise on the subject. Next follow the coins denominated Consular: of these we have many hundreds and we have little doubt that the varieties enumerated by Mr. Akerman are susceptible of considerable augmentation; but here are enough for a moderate collector, all the rare and interesting coins being accurately described, and in many instances illustrated by plates. One or two of the most remarkable coins of this series we shall take occasion to introduce to our readers, more especially as there are no doubt many who consider the study of medals as unprofitable and unamusing. A coin of the family *Amilia* gives us a representation of the crowning of the youthful Egyptian king Ptolemy Epiphanes by the Roman Consul, Marcus Lepidus who is styled "*tutor regis*," (the king's guardian). Another coin of the same family bears the figure of an equestrian carrying a trophy, and has a legend which tells us that Marcus Lepidus at the age of fifteen had slain an enemy and saved the life of a citizen. Another coin of the family, commemorates the subjection of Aretas king of Arabia, by *Emilius Scaurus*. Others of the consular series bear numerous interesting records; on a denarius of the family *Didia*, we have the representation of a military punishment: on those of *Tituria*, the rape of the Sabines and the guilty Tarpeia receiving the just reward of her treachery; while on a coin of *Matillia*, Ulysses is recognized by his faithful dog, a representation which, as a contemporary observes, proves that the study of Homer was popular at Rome. From the Consular, or family series, we pass to that of the Emperors, the portraits of which (to say nothing of the reverses), might furnish a day's amusement, and a subject for a week's study. The bald head, and crane-neck of the first Cæsar must be familiar to every one, while that of his successor is indicative of the subtle policy which enabled him to triumph over his rivals, and secure to himself the triumph of the world.

We have much to say on the portraits of the Cæsars, but must reserve our observations for another opportunity, contenting ourselves with a word on the bust of Nero, as represented on his medals. How characteristic are the features of the despot! his short neck, sensual chin, and scowling brow, answer to the description of the historian, and convince us that we have on these relics most faithful portraits of the tyrants or philosophers, in whose reign they were issued.

Of the reverses of the imperial coins we could say much; but must limit our notices to a few which we take from Mr. Akerman's work. At page 146, vol. I. we find a coin described which records the only virtuous act of the monster Tiberius—his munificence to the cities of Asia which had suffered severely in the tremendous earthquake described so eloquently by Tacitus. Galba (page 172, vol. I.) registers (or rather the Senate registers for him) the circumstances which led to his succession, and Vespasian and Titus chronicle with a sentimentousness peculiar to the latin language the destruction of Jerusalem; the simple words "*JUDEA CAPTA*" (*Judea captive*) tell the sad history of that memorable siege. The scroll of the annalist has mouldered to dust, and time has erased many high sounding inscriptions; but the money of the Romans still exists to publish the fame which that mighty empire had acquired. In the vineyards of Italy, the peasant's spade turns up a

denarius which once rattled in the money bags of the *nummularius*; it bears the word *Judea*, and on it is portrayed the figure of that unhappy province weeping at the foot of a trophy. On the plains of France, where the bravest of Cæsar's legions earned their laurels, the same minute records are oftentimes discovered; and in England the descendant of the hardy tribes who opposed the hosts of the dictator, frequently turns up the coins of the masters of the world: the words *JUDEA CAPTA* have been carried where even our gazettes have not travelled. What a lesson to those who have the direction of a national coinage! Gibbon justly observes, that "if all our historians were lost to us, medals and inscriptions would alone record the travels of Hadrian." To be assured of the truth of this observation, let the reader turn to page 241, vol. I. of the work under notice.

On the exquisite brass medallions of Antoninus Pius and of Commodus, we have many subjects of great beauty from the mythology of the ancients.

We shall conclude our notice for the present by an extract from vol. 2, p. 137, relative to the coins of Carausius, the admiral of the Roman fleet, in the reign of Diocletian and Maximian. This man having betrayed his trust, went over with the whole fleet to Britain, where he established himself as emperor. The emperors being unable to cope with him, agreed, as we are told to allow him the sovereignty of the Island, but he was assassinated not long after by his friend Allectus. During his stay in this Island he struck a number of coins, the most remarkable of which are those with the legend *PAX AUGG.* the three g's denoting the three *augusti*. The same is found on a few coins of Diocletian and Maximian, on which latter Mr. Akerman offers the following remarks.

"The coins of Maximianus and Diocletianus, with these types, deserve especial notice. We learn from history that these emperors recognized the title which Carausius had assumed; but we know at the same time that they were not enabled to depose and punish the usurper. Mionnet, either doubting the authenticity of coins of these princes with *AUGG.*, or passing them over through inadvertence, does not notice the types here described, although they are of considerable rarity. But we have no proof that they were struck by authority of Diocletianus and Maximianus; while on the other hand, there appear some grounds for believing that they were minted by the usurper himself. Many coins of Carausius bear *AUGG.*: and this is not surprising, for he would naturally publish the recognition of his titles by Diocletianus and his colleague: but those of the emperors, though very common with *AUGG.*, are of rare occurrence with *AUGG.* Now it is somewhat singular, that the two coins in the British Museum with *PAX AUGG.* are in fabric, exceedingly like the rude coins of Carausius; so much so, that they might, if it were not for the legends, by a careless observer be supposed to belong to that personage. Eakhel (see Doct. Num. Vet.) after quoting a coin with *VIRTUS AUGG.*, observes that it bears testimony to the truth of the account of the recognition of Carausius by Diocletianus and Maximianus; but he does not notice that on the Continent these coins are of great rarity, and even in England are of unfrequent occurrence; a circumstance certainly in favour of the supposition that they were minted by Carausius."

ITALY.

(From the Second Part (just published) of Mr. D'Israeli, Junior's, "*Revolutionary Epick*.")

Set the red sun, the silver moon upspring,
And morn again its rosy radiance shed
Upon the purple mountains; o'er the plain
The sunbeam steals, and o'er the gloomy woods,
And into light the dusky rivers glide.
Then rose the song of birds from sunny trees,
Their leaves all quivering in the gentle air,
The primal breathing of the waking world;
Fair is the dawn, right fair, and full of hope,
Though crimson eve is memory's gorgeous dower;
Fair is the dawn, and poets love its breath:
But can its sunbeam on a fairer scene
Than thine, Italia, rest, when on the hill
The hooded convent crowns, it brightly falls,
Flanked by a single tree, the sea-born pine;
Or sparkling village with its tall thin tower
Mid orchards bowered, and fields of Indian grain,
With vines enclosed and ploughed by milk-white steers,
Calls into lucid life?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. and the communication of our fair friend F. L. N. shall appear the first opportunity.

INDICATOR of Scarborough is informed, that the articles he speaks of were suspended on account of the difficulty of finding matter sufficiently "piquant" every week. But we are trying if we cannot revive them in some other shape.

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* One of the most interesting coins of the Greeks is perhaps that of Catania. When an eruption of Mount Etna destroyed that town, two young men bore off on their shoulders their aged parents to a place of safety: the act obtained for them divine honours in Sicily; and coins were struck with a representation of the brothers bearing their sacred burthens. Comus Pompey, when he vainly endeavoured to avenge his father, struck a coin with the head of his parent one side, and the type of the Catanian brothers on the other.

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